The Middlebury Campus

VOL. VI MARCH, 1910 No. 2

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEW COURSES FOR 1910--1911

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Lectures on the scope and function of forestry, the principles and practical methods of establishing and treating woodlands, the life and habits of trees in forests, improvement of the character and composition of the forest, establishing woods by seed and transplanting. Laboratory work in forest botany; the systematic study of local species in their spring aspect.

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The Middlebury Campus

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

PUBLISHED EIGHT TIMES A YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

Published Monthly except January, June, August and September.

Dates of Publication:—October 15th, November 15th, December 20th, February 5th,
March, April, May and July 15th.

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1910. NO. 2

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"THERE'S A BIRD-NOTE IN MY SONG."

PHILOMEL at close of day
Sweetly tells her true-love tale.
Starlings sing not, what do they?
Strut and chatter, talk and rail.
Little garden owls repeat
To the moon their wood-notes sweet.

But the thrush with speckled breast
Sings each song a second time.
Lesser verse suits others best,
Only thrushes speaks in rhyme
Starlings, as the whole world knows,
Outcast starlings, speak in prose.

—*The Oxford Magazine.*

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

DRAMA ROMANUM REDIVIVUM.

MANY of the readers of THE CAMPUS who saw the dramatization, "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis," or graphic events in the life of Cicero, at the Centennial in 1900, will be pleased to learn that the drama will be repeated Tuesday, June 21, of Commencement Week. There will be two presentations, one in the morning, one in the evening.

To those who were not present on the former occasion the following description, taken from an account of the Centennial in *The Congregationalist*, will give some idea of what such an undertaking means:

"The great feature of the week was the Roman drama on Wednesday evening. The campus was illuminated with a thousand Japanese lanterns, and in the Centennial building a thousand people witnessed something almost unprecedented in college annals. The drama was based on the life of Cicero, his experience with Catiline and his own exile and subsequent triumphant recall. In costuming, accessories and scenery the staging was magnificent, and as perfect as long study of Roman antiquities by such an expert as Prof. Myron R. Sanford could produce. About a hundred of the students appeared in the different scenes, which included, aside from the plot, representations of a Roman chorus and scenes in the temple of the Vestal Virgins. Education, not display, was Professor Sanford's motive, but it was notably both and would reflect credit upon the largest universities, few of which would feel like undertaking a task of such magnitude. Its performance at Middlebury demonstrates anew that the size of a college has nothing to do with its intellectual output."

Notwithstanding the fact that the former presentation was in preparation some three years, yet through the experience gained

in that study, the fact that the college fortunately has in excellent preservation much of the scenery formerly used, the greater number of helpers among faculty and students, leads to the belief that a re-presentation of Roman life, more elaborate than before, may be made ready by Commencement time.

With this in view, parts are already being assigned and togas and tunicas are coming to light from hiding places where they have so long lain, or are again being manufactured. The thunderbolts of Jupiter Optimus Maximus are again being effectually wrought in modern hands, if not in the workshop of Vulcan. The cobbler, although not Horace's *sutor*, it is true, is already pounding out sandals for Cicero and Publilia. Although the magic of Mr. Witham's touch may not again be felt upon the canvas, yet the services of a most competent artist will be secured to retouch the brilliant effects which are still in possession of the college.

As the exact proportions of the former stage are to be reproduced, no trouble will be experienced in adapting the existing scenery to it.

The dramatization will be somewhat changed, to the end of probably bringing more closely together the three important scenes of the Invective, the Trial Scene and the Verdict.

In the lighter portions several new features are to be introduced to add greater brilliancy to the House and Forum scenes. The musical scores will be somewhat changed in the interests of greater brilliancy. Within the decade considerable study has been put upon the ancient tetrachord music and the Latin department expects soon to have the results of the investigation of the scholars into the old choruses to Apollo, Calliope and other fragments of ancient melodies.

As before, accuracy will not be sacrificed for scenic effects, for nowhere will effect be sought at the expense of truthfulness. The tunicas will be cut from caia's pattern rather than from Madame Modiste, and as before, Terentia will endeavor to be Roman rather than to be—attractive. Let us hope she will be both. The charm of the swiftly moving scenes will be heightened by a comfortable feeling of confidence that what is being presented is as true to the original as conscientious and protracted study can make it.

The educational influence of the dramatization upon teachers,

students and the general public can hardly be estimated by those who were not present in 1900. The inception of this glimpse of Roman life had its beginning at a meeting of Latin teachers at the college in 1898, and the educational idea was never lost sight of in the more elaborate development of the dramatization. The words of appreciation not only from teachers, but from a cultured public, have been coming to the college ever since the production. For example, one prominent in the councils of the church and a high authority on educational matters, wrote as follows:

"I want to add a written word of appreciation of the Latin Play which I witnessed on Wednesday night. There was no one thing in the entire centennial exercises which made so profound an impression on me. The whole thing seemed to be so adapted to the college and to the occasion. For students to take part in such an exercise as that, is worth, in the study of Latin, in my judgment, all that I received in my college course. I want to congratulate you and the students upon the great success of the drama."

The sentiments expressed in the above letter were duplicated hundreds of times by the visitors in attendance, and since by those who read or heard of this work on the part of the Middlebury students. Indeed, our student body should remember, if sacrifices are demanded between this time and the day of presentation in June, that in this visualization of scenes from the old Roman days, many teachers and students will be helped to a more vivid and more accurate picture of that old imperium which dominated the world for so many centuries, and whose touch is still upon us all. The building about to be constructed will seat about 900 people. Tickets are already on sale and may be secured upon application. The prices are $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, according to location. If the interest of the alumni and the public is as great as in 1900, it will be necessary to send in early orders.

Further details will be furnished to the alumni in the following issues of THE CAMPUS.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE IN THE SEVENTIES.

[BY THE REV. J. W. ATWOOD, ARCHDEACON OF ARIZONA.]

THE period of the Seventies was in some respects one of the darkest and least hopeful in all the history of the college. There was no president when I entered Middlebury in 1874. Doctor Kitchell had resigned and some time elapsed between his resignation and the election of Doctor Hulbert, his immediate successor. The number of students was small; only about a dozen men entered in my class and there were less than fifty in the whole college. The distinction of the college rested in its past. It may be said of the college of that day as it is said of some families of aristocratic lineage, that "the better part of them lies under the ground." We were proud of the early days as we recalled how a former president had refused the presidency of Yale, preferring to remain in Middlebury. We remembered that at one time it had more students enrolled than Harvard, students who before the Civil War came from the South and all parts of the Eastern country. Eminent men and scholars of established reputation had served on the faculty and there were famous names among the alumni; but the college had become provincial, drawing its students almost entirely from the Champlain Valley. It was bounded by Dartmouth on the East, Williams and Amherst on the South, the University of Vermont on the North and Union on the West, which neighboring colleges with richer endowments, finer buildings and a larger corps of teachers, were gathering the rich harvest, leaving only a barren field in which Middlebury could reap.

The three great stone buildings, Starr and Painter Halls and the Chapel, arose in their rugged and somewhat forbidding appearance, with little claim to architectural beauty, with the possible exception of old Painter, from the finest college campus in New England. The interior of the buildings was desolate beyond description. There was only one janitor and students took care of their own rooms. The buildings were heated by stoves, which annually on some cold winter night were removed by mischievous members of the Sophomore class. The library,

which had some valuable old books inconveniently housed, was unable to add to its store by the purchase of many new books and was only opened once a week for students to draw out books. It was a day of plain living, if not of high thinking, and yet the faculty was composed of men of considerble scholarship if somewhat unequal in teaching power.

There was the venerable and dignified William H. Parker, a thorough mathematician, whose whole life was devoted to the interests of the college and who lived and worked for it with rare fidelity. There was Solon Albee, shy and nervous, but sweet and wholesome in his life and a fine classical scholar. All the science that was taught in the college of those days we received from Professor Seely, also an excellent scholar, but who had a very inadequate equipment provided in his lecture room for the teaching of the sciences. The younger men on the faculty were all good teachers. Higley was an enthusiastic Greek and German scholar, and we students believed that he knew everything and, like Lord Bacon, had taken all knowledge for his province. In spite of his natural reserve and great modesty, no professor was more widely known, admired and liked. Brainerd, who was capable of teaching everything in the college curriculum, and then filled the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature, was a stimulating teacher. McGregor Means had just come from Yale, a keen logician and accurate scholar. He made the study of Psychology fascinating to his students. Modern in his views, somewhat daring in his speculations, he rattled the dry bones of the Middlebury orthodoxy of his day. It seemed a daring innovation, I fear, to some of the faculty, and perhaps to some of the Vermont Congregational ministers, who then predominated in the Board of Trustees, when he substituted Alexander Bain for President Porter of Yale, as a text book.

The presidential chair was filled during the final years of my college course, by Doctor Hulbert, genial, kind and sympathetic with his students, and devoted to the college and its interests. He was perhaps more successful as a preacher than as a teacher.

There was not much corporate life among the students, for the numbers were few, and the Greek fraternities, while valuable in many ways, had a tendency to divide the students into small and clannish groups. Neither was there much personal intercourse between the students and their instructors outside of the

class room, which ought to have been possible as well as most helpful in so small a college.

But the village of that day, although many of the old families, which had given a rare distinction to the social life of the college and town in the first three-quarters of the Nineteenth century, had disappeared through death and removal, was still the residence of a considerable number of men and even a larger number of women, of intelligence, refinement and distinction along various lines. The bond between the college and the homes of Middlebury people was a strong one, and these homes later were hospitably opened to the students.

The college. in spite of its poverty and weakness, did not lower its standard in order to attract numbers, and the men were for the most part ambitious and aspiring.

There was no gymnasium, and athletics were confined mainly to a baseball nine, and at rare intervals a foot ball appeared on the campus to be knocked about without system and without knowledge. Scholarship was highly regarded, and men, while feeling the lack of the elective system and the need of more courses of study, still came out of college with a certain wide culture which was a good foundation for their future life work.

It was not a time when business absorbed all the interest and attention of college men to the exclusion of what was called the learned professions and teachings. Most of my fellow students were looking forward to a professional career.

The standard of morals was a high one, and the influences of the surrounding country, the rich and beautiful valley of the Champlain, the fair village with its noble trees rising from both banks of the Otter river, played their important part in the development of character.

The students of those days may not have played a brilliant part in the nation's affairs, as did some of their predecessors, but yet I venture to say that the training of Middlebury in those less prosperous days turned out men of vigorous minds and characters, who have done their duty as useful members of society along the various lines into which they have entered, and as good citizens of the communities which they have served.

NINE WEEKS AMONG THE ALPS.
(CONCLUDED.)

[ASSISTANT PROFESSOR DUANE L. ROBINSON, '03.]

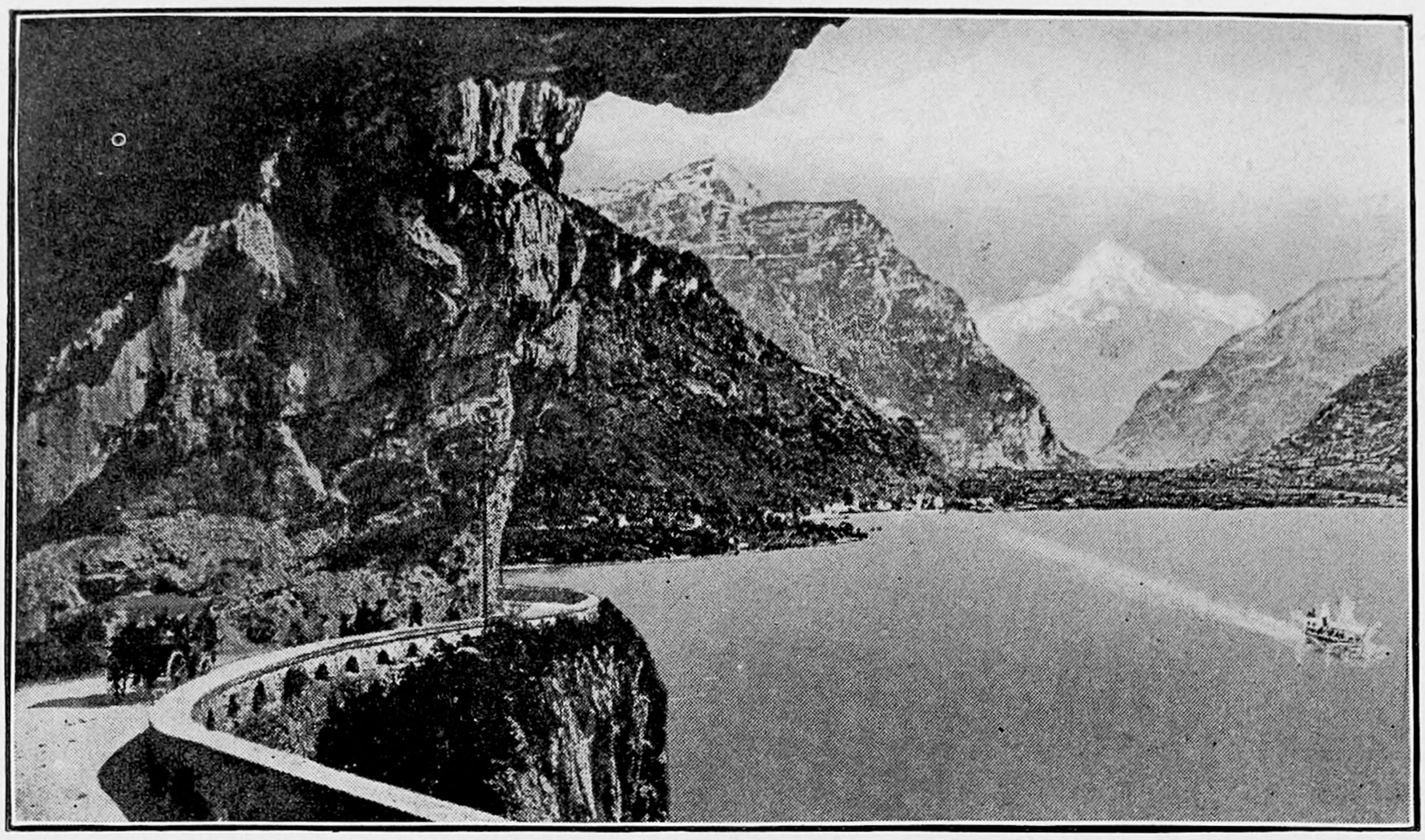
FLÜELEN, at the other end of Lake Lucerne, is a little village which appears to consist entirely of hotels. I believe there is also a church, but the hotels are in evidence everywhere. And they are of all sizes and prices, but most of them, even the tiniest, are clean and the food is both good and abundant. The town is right in the heart of the "Tell" country, only a short distance from the place where he made his historic leap from Gessler's boat, near whtch spot, the "Tellsplatte" is a little chapel, much frequented by tourists. It is a wild, and magnificently beautiful country at this end of the lake, and from my chamber window I had a wide outlook upon the water with the great Bristenstork towering up across the bay. Mountains everywhere, and not such mountains as we are accustomed to here in Vermont, but great rugged peaks shooting straight up into the air, almost entirely without vegetation, and the highest peaks snow-covered. And the character of the country shows itself in the character of the inhabitants. Quiet, dignified, almost sad in their appearance and their speech, from the rough mountaineers to the old women selling tiny bunches of edelweiss in the village, these peasants made a deep impression upon me. They seemed to have a peculiar timbre in their voices, a note of pathos and yet of sweetness, which I found newhere else in Switzerland, and the story of Stauffacher and Tell and Arnold of Winkelried came to me with deeper meaning. The history of this splendid people became more real than ever before during my sojourn here.

Nature has done much for this region, but man, too, has done something. One of the most interesting things about this portion of the lake is the Axenstrasse, a great highway hewn in the mountainside from Flüelen nearly to Vitznau, at the foot of the Rigi. It is a wonderful piece of engineering, and as I walked up through it, stopping now and then to gaze at the mountainside far above, apparently ready to fall upon me at any moment, or at the lake so straight below that I could stand at the edge of the highway and drop a pebble almost straight down into

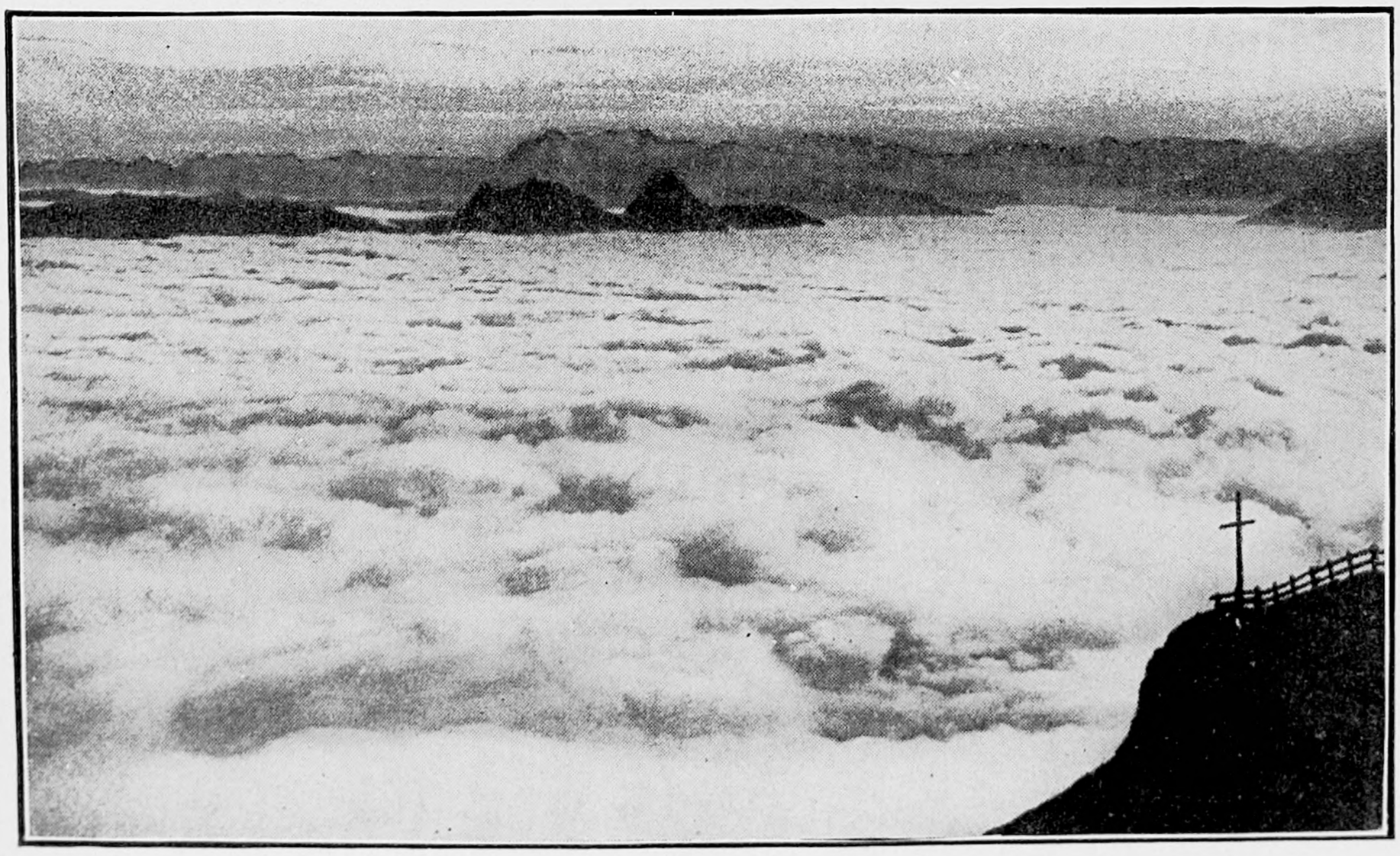
unknown depths of water, my respect for the Swiss people increased more and more. They have built tunnels through their Alps, they have built cable-railways and macademized roads over them, they have made themselves meadows and gardens where there was no soil, while for "knitting work" they have built and maintained schools and universities that have made the Swiss famous the world over. And all this in spite of about as great discouragements as any nation has ever tried to face. Surely if character counts for anything, it has manifested itself here.

From Flüelen my wanderings led me down into Italy through the great St. Gothard tunnel. And it is considerable of a tunnel, too. It is over five miles long, and cost between $11,000,000 and $13,000,000, or a little more than one of the Dreadnaught's for the United States navy. I wonder which is the more profitable? What a trip that was through the mountains. The train runs through the wildest country imaginable, looping in and out around the peaks, with tunnels every few rods, over deep gorges with foaming torrents of milky-white water from the glaciers tumbling and roaring below. I stopped at the little town of Göschenen, at the Swiss end of the tunnel and walked up to Andermatt, one of the highest towns in Switzerland. The mountain sides are practically bare of vegetation but that is apparently no drawback to the goats, which swarm everywhere, scaling the most inaccessible cliff with apparent ease. And way up on the mountain side, almost at the jumping-off-place, there is an advertisement of Heinz his pickles!

I enjoyed my few days in Italy, although it was unsufferably hot, and very uncomfortable to one used to the cool air of the Swiss Alps. My trip extended only to Como and then through the beautiful lakes of Como, Lugano and Maggiore. The trip would have been delightful had it not been for the fact that the boats and trains and everything else that I had to travel on were always late from one to four hours. They do not figure time in Italy as we do. The day is divided into twenty-four consecutive hours, so that our one o'clock in the afternoon is thirteen with them, while six o'clock in the afternoon is eighteen. And I must confess it was irritating to get to a wharf or a station to take a boat or train scheduled to leave at half-past eighteen, and then find that it did not leave until half-past twenty. But the lakes were beautiful, although not of Alpine grandeur, and I shall remember



AXENSTRASSE MIT BRISTENSTOCK.



NEBELMEER BEI SONNENAUFGANG AUF DEM RIGI.

their blue waters and the hill-sides dotted with villas with a feeling of genuine pleasure unabated by the discomfort of travel.

But I was anxious to get back to Switzerland, for I wanted to climb the Rigi-Kum, the most beautiful view-point in all Switzerland, commanding a range 300 miles in circumference. I had planned to spend the night at Arth-Goldau, get an early start the next morning, and spend the day on the summit. I arrived at Arth-Goldau about three o'clock in the afternoon and found that I had only about ninety centimes in money. I offered my landlady an American Express Company Traveler's cheque, but she had never seen one, so she took it to her husband, who as I imagine, called in the neighbors to hold an inquest over it, for she was gone a long time, and finally returned saying, in a suspicious tone, that none of them understood that piece ef paper. I did not know what to do. There was no bank there, and I hated to give up my plans for the ascent of the mountain. I pulled out my time table and found that a train for Zug, where there was a bank, was due in a few minutes, and so I left my bag at the hotel with my astonished hostess, made a sprint and caught the train, arrived in Zug, saw that I could get a return train in fifteen minutes, asked an astonished citizen in French where the bank was, and received his kind answer in German, made a "Marathon" to the bank and got my money, caught my train and was back in Arth-Goldau in about one hour and a half, to the great surprise of the good lady, which became much greater when I showed her the good yellow gold. I believe that she does not yet quite trust me, for she acted all along as if she though I had that money all the time, and was just trying to "bunco" my way with that piece of paper.

I went to bed very early and arose betimes the next morning to make the ascent. What was my dismay, however, to find a thick fog covering everything when I awoke. Nothing daunted, however, I started out, hoping that the sun would have cleared away the mist before I had reached the summit. And I was glad that I went on, for when I arrived at the top the crests of the mountains evcrywhere were lifted above the cloud, while for miles below, on every side the lakes, the valleys and the lowlands, were veiled in white. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. There were the Bernese Alps, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the glory of all, the Jungfrau, with Pilatus down the lake,

mountains upon mountains, Ossa upon Pelion, and for miles around at their feet that drifting sea of cloud. I remained upon the summit until the clouds had mostly cleared away, and the lakes and valleys began to appear. I should like to have stayed there a week, but my time was nearly up, and I had to return to Arth-Goldau that night, then on, past Immensee, made historic by Storm's delightful story, to Zürich.

The rest of my trip was a hurried one, and lacked much of the interest of the first part. Zürich, then a two days' trip to St. Moritz, down in the Eugadine valley, a region almost as wild, and certainly as barren as the St. Gotthard. Not as beautiful, I think, though a country of magnificent Alps. St. Moritz is a typical American city—American tailors, apothecaries, stationers —even American bar-rooms. I purchased a copy of the September *Everybody's Magazine* in this benighted region, on the tenth of September, and they had on sale all the current English and American periodicals at the store which I visited. It is a fine fishing country here, and I passed by many a lake and stream were the trout were rising, making me wish I had my rod, and time to use it.

Schaffhausen, made famous by the bell of Schiller's poem, *Das Lied von der Glocke*, was the next stopping place, and it was here, or rather at Neuhausen, a mile away, that I got my first glimpse of the Rhine, which even here is a fairly respectable stream. It is much larger at Bassel, which was my next halt: but where I did not stay, as I had planned to spend two days in Geneva before returning to Lausanne for my letters and my baggage. But I was destined to disappointment for it rained nearly all the time I spent in this latter city. Mont Blanc did not show off and the beautiful walks and parks of the city were too damp for comfort. But I did visit the Cathedral and the University, Rousseau's Island and various other places of interest, and was rewarded the evening I left by a good view of Mont Blanc, monarch of mountains, lifting up its snowy needle in the rosy sunset. And as I took the train for Lausanne to take up my return journey to London and home, I uttered a silent prayer that I might not be saying farewell, but only au revoir to this beautiful, lovable country, where I had spent the pleasantest summer imaginable.

THE BELL AND THE BET.

[BY RUTH HILL, 1912.]

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

IT was one of those dreary November days when the trees seem like skeletons and the sky like lead. To heighten the cheerful effect, the sunset was a sallow yellow.

Sherlock Holmes would know from this statement that I had missed the train I had expected to take and was riding on one which would leave me somewhere in the neighborhood of midnight unlooked for and unmet at a truly rural station, a mile or so from my aunt's house. I had intended my arrival to be a surprise and it certainly looked as though my expectations would be realized.

I passed the time that elapsed before I reached my destination by wishing for fire-arms and furtively practicing thrusts with a hat-pin.

At last the silver-voiced brakeman bawled out the name of my station and grasping a hat-pin in my right hand and my courage in my left, I dismounted.

After passing through the fast-sleeping village, I came to the church. It is one of those mouldy stone ones, with a grave-yard close at hand, the kind that one cannot look at without thinking of ghosts and funerals.

Just as I glanced up at the belfry and thought how perfectly natural tolling would sound from such a place, the bell actually began to ring! The first stroke certainly gave me a start, but in a moment I reassured myself that it was only striking twelve! Involuntarily I counted the strokes. Thirteen! Was I dreaming? And still the bell rang on in slow and measured tones. After the twentieth stroke, I jammed my fingers in my ears and ran.

At last, I suppose I must have reached Aunt Elizabeth's, for I found myself frantically pulling at the door-bell. In due time Aunty appeared in a wrapper and curling papers. My expectations were realized, it was a surprise. I will not even assert that she recognized the breathless and wild-eyed person as her loving

niece. However, she resisted the ladylike impulse to faint away and pulled me into the house.

By a system of gasps and waits, I managed to explain the reason for my disorderly conduct and all the sympathy she gave me was laughter! Poor Aunt Elizabeth! The shock had been too much for her and she had gone into hysterics. I would be noble, I would again brave the powers of darkness to get a doctor for poor, dear Auntie. When I started for the door, she drew me away and finally controlled herself enough to say it was *so* funny.

That was too much! There are limits even to my magnanimity. With majestic tread I essayed to mount the stairs, but as she seemed repentant and, if the truth must be told, because I was curious to hear the explanation, I nobly consented to stay and listen.

"My dear," she began, "Don't you remember Sam Johnson, the old sexton? Well, you know he and Tom Clarke were great cronies. Both were born on the same day and this year on their eightieth birthday, Sam bet that he would never toll the bell for Tom, meaning, of course, that he would die first. They left the stakes in the hands of one of the village do-nothings. Naturally, when Tom died everyone thought that Sam had lost his bet and that Tom's widow would get the money, but Sam was so eternally stubborn that he positively refused to toll for Tom and so he lost his place as sexton. Then he went to get the stakes and if that good-for-nothing that held them hadn't completely disappeared! It was a terrible shock to Sam to get the worst of it on all sides that way and he brooded over it all the time. I suppose it affected his sub-conscious mind and anyway he always did walk in his sleep. So now for three nights he has hobbled across the street to the church and rung the bell exactly eighty times."

A PAPER BY MR. GAY.

AN article "On the Origin of Waller's Couplets" is contributed to the February *North American Review* by William W. Gay, '76, of the New York *World*. Mr. Gay was the founder and first editor of *The Undergraduate*, and has preserved through all the years of an arduous profession the scholarly enthusiasm for letters that marked his college days. The present article sets itself convincingly to the establishing of the writer's belief, first,

that the revolution of taste in the seventeenth century, with the rise of the classical school of poetry, was an independent, native movement, unaffected in its beginning by a similar movement in France; second, that it was largely if not entirely due to the political and religious controversies which absorbed public attention, turned English writers into pamphleteers, and created a national relish for didactic composition; third, that as a result of this new English mood the heroic couplet became the national and popular medium of poetic expression, and that it was reformed by Waller, who had learned the art of restrained and lucid writing from the Elizabethan, Edward Fairfax.

Mr. Gay would explain the phenomenon of two literary movements, one in France and one in England, almost identical in character but wholly independent, by the similarity of political, social, and spiritual conditions that in the seventeenth century were agitating and moulding the French and English alike.

Not the least interesting part of the article is the vivid and picturesque contrast drawn, in the opening paragraphs, between literary England at the beginning of the eighteenth century and the literary England of a century before; but the whole article, as the cogent presentation of a well-considered thesis, is a genuine critical contribution.

MIDDLEBURY GRADUATE HONORED.

THE Cleveland *Leader* of February 11 contains the following concerning Rev. L. Ernest Sunderland, a graduate of Middlebury College in the class of 1904:

"Rev. L. Ernest Sunderland, recently appointed by Bishop Leonard to the new office of superintendent of Protestant Episcopal city missions of Cleveland, is one of the curates at Trinity Cathedral. He was graduated from Middlebury College, Vt., in 1904, and from Bexley Hall, Gambier, in 1907. Rev. Mr. Sunderland completed his theological studies at the University of Chicago, from which institution he received his degree of bachelor of divinity.

"In addition to his work at the cathedral he is also rector of St. Mary's parish. Rev. Mr. Sunderland will take up his new duties the first of May, after spending the month of April in

studying the manner in which this office is conducted in other big cities.

"In general, however, he is to have charge of the extra parochial services, including hospitals, prisons, reformatories, etc. His salary is to be provided by the church club of Cleveland, an organization of Episcopal laymen."

THE SOPHOMORE HOP.

THE Sophomore Hop, always an enjoyable function, was this year as pleasant as ever. It was held in the town hall on the evening of February eleventh. Since the date of the event was so near Valentine's Day, it was suggested that hearts would furnish appropriate and timely decorations. Accordingly "hearts" it was, all sizes and almost countless numbers.

There was an elaborate center-piece of hearts and from this center-piece to many points of the room were graceful festoons of crepe paper, red and blue alternating. From these hung single hearts and strings of hearts, giving the appearance of a shower of hearts. Behind the orchestra was suspended a large heart, some nine or ten feet across and ten or eleven feet high. A trellis work of the same was formed over the stage by fastening strings of hearts close together directly over the stage and across the entire width. The other ends of these "heart strings" were trained to fall over the outer edge of the stage to the floor below. The punch booth and the patronesses' corner were also attractively decorated with crepe paper and hearts. One corner was closed in with small pine trees, and within, partially concealed, were a couple of rustic benches,—this seemed to be quite a popular retreat.

Supper was served at midnight at The Addison House, after which dancing was resumed and the programme completed. The dance orders were of red velvet sheep, tied with blue leather. The favors were cap bon-bons, and red and blue serpentines served as ties that bound all "hearts"—as well as heads and arms—together in the last two dances.

The patronesses were Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Buttolph, Mrs. Cady, Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Hadley.

The committee on arrangement was composed of R. K. Lane, chairman, John Kopke, George G. Taylor, E. J. Ryan,

Brook Smith. Much credit is due to them for the most delightful time afforded to all.

The music was furnished by Barton's Orchestra of six pieces from Burlington, and seemed to be just the kind that put the gay, dancing spirits into everyone. Besides playing for the dance, they also rendered an enjoyable concert before the dancing began.

Who dares to say that our's wasn't the best "Hop" ever?

Three cheers and a tiger for 1912.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

THE Washington's Birthday Banquet was held this year in the town hall, and was in every way successful. The success is largely owing to the singular efficiency of the student committees that had the affair in charge. At the head was a general committee, consisting of the president and vice-presidents of the four classes—Messrs. Fisher, Cleary, Wray and Wiley, and Misses Raymond, McLellan, Harwood and Reynolds. Special sub-committees had in charge separate portions of thc work. The chairmen of these committees were Mr. Leach, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fisher, Miss McLellan, Miss Harwood and Miss Morris.

The hall, through the efforts of Miss Butler, was prettily decorated with red, white and blue streamers, and strings of smilax with flower baskets hung on them at intervals. The room was delightfully warm, despite a raging blizzard, and the food—most of it prepared by friends of the college and the ladies of the Faculty—was abundant and delicious. The programme follows:

PROGRAMME.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, - - J. GORDON PEACH, '11

ORATION, - - - - - HAROLD S. TUCK, '11

DECLAMATION, - - - - CHARLES W. MULCAHY, '12

MUSIC—"National Emblem," - - - COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

TOASTMASTER, - - - - PROF. F. W. CADY

THE SPIRIT OF '76, - - - LYMAN A. MORHOUS, '10

"Spirit that made those herces dare
To die, and leave their children free."

THE FACULTY, - - - - MARGERY BURDITT, '11

"Both wise and reverent are they."

MUSIC—Selected, - - - - COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
ADDRESS, - - HON. WM. B. C. STICKNEY, of Bethel, Vt.
REVOLUTIONS, - - - KATHLEEN V. DRISCOLL, '12
"Revolution never goes backward."
SOLO—Selected, - - - PROF. G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM
THE WASHINGTON OF TO-DAY, WILFRED E. DAVISON, '13
WASHINGTON'S SUCCESS, - - - PRESIDENT THOMAS

MUSIC—"America," - - - - - CHORUS

The skill with which the program was arranged is evinced by the fact that, in spite of its length, nobody seems to have been wearied by it. The musical selections and the lighter toasts were so placed as to relieve the tension produced by the more serious speeches. It was the opinion of the older men on the Faculty that the student toasts had rarely, if ever, been so good.

The Hon. W. B. C. Stickney of Bethel was down for the address of the evening. His remarks on the character and ideals of Washington were delivered with weight and charm. Washington's innate religiousness and passion for the preservation of the union of the states were really and tellingly illustrated, and the speaker did not fail to draw the appropriate moral for his hearers' edification.

Toastmaster Cady, at this point, spoke feelingly of the debt which all students of Middlebury owe to Professor Wright, and begged for a few remarks from him. Professor Wright, in his reply, combined the grave and the gay in his usual admirable manner. He welcomed the new spirit of expansion, now so manifest in the affairs of the college, yet at the same time sounded a note of kindly caution as to the possibility of over-haste and the natural temptation to make quality subservient to quantity.

President Thomas had for his subject, "Washington's Success." After speaking of the success of the celebration, he paid Mr. Stickney some compliments, and told of Mr. Stickney's efforts in behalf of Middlebury with the State Legislature. Then he said in part: "A New York paper at the end of a recent political campaign, said, 'Merit wins.' Washington won at the head of his army, as president, in his private life, by merit. In the long run, though sometimes a corrupt person may have good fortune, or a good person, bad fortuue, merit will win. In that conviction, I am going on in hope for Middlebury. A college

must have a righteous foundation. If must not exist for sectarian principles, to carry out the theory of some man, not for credit to one's self or friends, but to try to do good in its community. This is our foundation, if ever a college had one. The pioneers, the lumbermen of old Vermont, deliberated as to how they might found a college at Middlebury, before Dr. Dwight appeared. The college was not sustained by the students, by endowments, or by the state, but by the subscriptions of the people. At the head of these subscription lists was always to be found the name of Gamaliel Painter, in a bold, large hand, followed by sums of money equally as large.

"A college's work must not be the carrying out of theories but the studying of the needs of the community, and the setting at supplying them. Thus was Harvard founded. The colony needed ministers, and the college was founded to supply that need. Then doctors and lawyers were needed, and in their turn the college formed a way of making them. So it was at Middlebury. The college was founded for the training of men in the law, because the commuuity needed them. We may have been led astray by the pursuit of culture. Our fathers would not have seen the practical use of it. Now we must supply what the State needs, so we have started our department of pedagogy. It is a rebuke to Middlebury the educational conditions as they are in Vermont. Only one-half of the rural schools are under the superintendence of men especially trained for that. And conditions are just as bad elsewhere. It is not so in Vermont alone. In Connecticut conditions are even worse. This is the fault of Yale college. Yale was founded to give Connecticut what it needed, and not for rich men's sons from Pittsburg.

"We need not be afraid of being too practical. The trustees wonder where we are going to get the money. We should not turn so much to Rockefeller, Sage or Carnegie, but should do better with the facilities we can command. We have the good will of all Vermont. We should get from the State what the other institutions of higher learning in the State get. When we make the most of what he have, the way will be found for more, but we must make the most of what we have before we do get more. The one plea, the demand and need for students, is that of a worthy student spirit, the spirit of devotion to higher aims, to hold together, and to help one another. When we have this

spirit, when we do stand together, and for that worth standing for, we have that which shall give us an unresistable power. We have a great State in history, but Vermont is not increasing or developing as much as other communities. We do not hold together as well as the West. We must help old Vermont. For this work we must prepare. Therefore, I believe in the future of Middlebury. I do not care whether our number is small or large, but we must be efficient. I hope we will be larger, but if 225 or 250 are the limits of our efficiency, may we have no more. Thus may we go on, knowing that always merit wins."

JUNIOR PLAY.

IN view of the general feeling of dissatisfaction with the class of plays hitherto produced by junior classes, the present juniors have decided to adopt a higher standard. Accordingly there will be presented during the coming Junior Week, Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This departure has met with the enthusiastic support of the Faculty and students. It is hoped that succeeding classes will follow this precedent. Professor Wright has kindly offered his services in the interpretation of the play. The cast met him on Tuesday evening, February 15, for the first reading. The training of the cast will be under the direct sepervision of Mrs. John H. Stewart, to whom so many classes have been indebted for the success of their plays. She will be ably assisted by Mrs. Jessie M. Tebbetts of Essex Junction, who has had considerable experience in the amateur production of Shakespearean plays. The first rehearsal was held on Thursday evening, February 17.

Although recognizing the difficulties consequent upon such a presentation, the committee feel that with the assistance of Professor Wright and the training under Mrs. Stewart, a most creditable production is assured.

The educational value of such a play is recognized by all. Unusual interest is being shown by the members of the cast in the work of preparation, the feeling being that they are engaged upon something that is of real worth and which will amply repay them for all expenditure of time and energy.

Further particulars concerning the play, including the cast, the different committees, the different features which will be introduced, etc., will appear in the April number of THE CAMPUS.

BASKET BALL.

THE inter-class series of basket ball games was begun Friday evening, February 25, with two games. The teams played alternate halves and this kept things going all the time. The freshman band was present and rendered all the latest popular songs including "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and were greeted with much applause. The hall was well filled with interested spectators, the only objection raised being to the coldness of the hall and the dust. With these exceptions everybody was well satisfied.

The 1910–1912 game was the first to start. They played a fast but rough game during the first half and the score at the end was only 11–10 in favor of 1910. During the second half, 1912 went after the ball at a lively gait and soon succeeded in putting quite a margin between the scores. The final score was 31–21 in favor of 1912. Lahiff excelled for 1912 with a total of 11 points to his credit, while Ross scored 12 points far 1910.

The 1911–1913 game, which came next, was a victory for 1911 from the beginning, and even though 1913 played a scrappy game, their inability to shoot baskets was the main reason for their small score. Barnes, '11, was there with the goods as usual, having seven baskets and three fouls to his credit, making a total of 17 points. For 1913 Pollard and Root played a good game. The final score was 32–15 in favor of 1911.

The management wishes to express the desire that those who come to the games take a little more care with the seats and chairs. As it is, the receipts are barely enough to keep things in good condition and if the spectators want the hall to be kept warm and in good shape, they must at least co-operate to the extent of refraining from knocking to pieces the few chairs the management is able to hire.

The line-up of the teams and the schedule of games for the season is as follows :

1910 vs. 1912.		1911 vs. 1913.	
Ross, l. f.	King, r. g.	Barnes, l. f.,	Pollard, r. g.
G. Darrow, r. f.	Lahiff, l. g.	W. Darrow, r. f.,	Sessions, l. g.
Wright, c.	Taylor, c.	Peach, c,	Leonard, c.
Hunt, l. g.	Nevling, r. f.	Cleary, r. g.	Root, l. f.
Ryder, r. g.	Smith, l. f.	Palmer, l. g.	Carrier, r. f.

SEASON 1910.

February 25—1910 vs. 1912, 1911 vs. 1913.
March 2—1910 vs. 1913, 1911 vs. 1912.
March 4—1910 vs. 1911, 1912 vs 1913.
March 9—1910 vs. 1912, 1911 vs. 1913.
March 11—1910 vs. 1913, 1911 vs. 1912.
March 16—1910 vs. 1911, 1912 vs. 1913.

On March 18 and 23 will be played the final games to decide the championship of the season.

JANUARY CORPORATION MEETING

THE regular semi-annual meeting of the President and Fellows of Middlebury College was held at the office of James M. Gifford, Esq., New York City, Friday morning, January 28. A large number of the Trustees were present. Reports were made by President Thomas; the Finance Committee, George M. Wright, Esq., chairman; and the Committee on Instruction, Dr. Brainerd Kellogg, Chairman.

Mr. Wetherell was granted a leave of absence for the academic year of 1910–11, with the understanding that the year will be spent in advanced studies and that he will return to his position in the college at its close.

Professor Sanford was requested to superintend the presentation of a Roman Drama, similar to that of ten years ago, for next Commencement.

The Corporation voted to purchase the old Catholic church property at the price paid for the same by President Thomas. The Prudential Committee was empowered to provide suitable furniture for the office of the Treasurer of the College in the new building of the National Bank of Middlebury. The following rule as to the payment of students' bills was adopted, to go into effect the coming college year: After the current year term bills shall be rendered at the opening of each semester, and payment must be made before examinations are taken at the close of the semester. The need of the college for additional recitation room facilities was earnestly considered. President Thomas was authorized to endeavor to secure a $60,000 gymnasium fund for the erection of a permanent gymnasium, to be placed in charge of an instructor in physical education.

STUDENT LIFE AT GRENOBLE.

[BY G. A. RATTI, '07.]

THE University of Grenoble is, in many respects, like all the other universities of France, having a proud history back of it and a long line of illustrious graduates and professors. It has its ups and downs, its times of poverty and its periods of prosperity. Like all the rest, too, it has its schools of Law, Science, Medicine and Letters; but it has more than this, it has a department, under the direction of the "Comite de Patronage", which is exclusively for the instruction of foreign students in all the branches which lead to a thorough knowledge of the French language, literature and people. A very important part of this department is the "Institut de Phonetique," a school where, by means of courses in experimental, historical and practical phonetics, and "exercises de parole" foreigners are taught to "make a noise like a Frenchman", as the vernacular would have it. The laboratories are equipped with all conceivable kinds of apparatus for studying sound, pronunciation and enunciation. Among these are the phonograph, the cinematograph, the vibregraph, and the hundred other "graphs" known to scientists. It is in the variety and extent of the courses especially arranged for foreign students that Grenoble excels all the other French universities. There is a large faculty which devotes its entire time to the heterogeneous crowds of foreigners that come every year from the "uttermost parts of the earth." Not even the University of Paris, with its "Alliance Francaise" and "La Sorbonne", can offer as much to a foreigner who wishes to study French as can the University of Grenoble. The 1100 foreign students who came to Grenoble last year prove as much.

As far as the students themselves are concerned, I can say but little. Suffice it to say that there are represented all the nationalities of which I have ever heard and some that it would require a profound knowledge of geography to locate. Like all European students, they talk politics, and some of their ideas would make an American smile. For instance, from the conversation of my Bulgarian and Balkan friends, I learn the astonishing

facts that Bulgaria is a world-power and that we are on the eve of a demonstration of Balkan supremacy in Europe. From Poland, which like Gaul, was divided into three parts, comes the interesting information that Poland is, has been, and will be, the well-spring of all that is mighty in war. When I meekly admit the possibility of all these things and venture to suggest that America, too, is found on the more recent maps, I am silenced by the innocent question: "Which America, Brazil or Mexico?"

One can see from this one phase of the student life here, the possibilities of a life in a "Pension" or boarding house, where one is on terms of more or less intimacy with students of a half-dozen different nationalities. For purposes of mutual education, nothing has ever been discovered or invented that is more efficacious than the "Pension". As a rule, the lady who keeps the establishment is a well-educated person of the middle class, who, by some misfortune, has been forced to resort to this genteel manner of gaining a livelihood. She and her family, if she has one, are the source of information in matters regarding the French language, manners and customs. The attempt is usually made to have as few of one nationality as possible in each "Pension" so that the number of countries represented in each may be great. As it is a trait of human nature to boast about one's country, the "pensionnaires" do not long remain in ignorance of all the greatness of each nation represented, this information being always accepted, "cum grano salis".

One can see that, owing to the diversity of peoples, it is next to impossible to have any social life outside of the "Pension". The "Comite de Patronage" tries to overcome the difficulties by having social evenings, or "Soirees", for the foreign students, each nationality furnishing a part of the program of the evening. The variety of clothes worn on these occasions is amusing. At one "Soiree" the Germans came dressed in frock coats and white gloves, the Bulgarians wore what in France are called "smoking", but in America are called tuxedos. One of the Americans and a professor appeared in the conventional evening clothes. All the rest wore anything from a checked suit to corduroys. A description of the clothes worn by the ladies would be much more interesting, but that would require a technical knowledge and a vocabulary far beyond the one I possess.

Among the forms of amusement are the cafes and the theatre.

On Sunday afternoons everybody goes for a walk to Isle Verte or along Cours St. Andre. The French expression, "se promener", if translated literally into English gives a very accurate idea of their object in going to these places; it is to "parade themselves", display themselves to the public. The main object of French social functions (the cafe, theatre and the promenade are social functions) seems to be to display their manners, wealth and clothes.

If one is athletic, or, as they put it, "si l'on fait des sports", he can do a great deal of walking and mountain climbing to very great advantage. Grenoble is situated in the center of a country rich in history, legend and natural beauties. Being fortunate enough to arrive here two weeks before the winter semester began, we spent much time making excursions on foot to all the surrounding towns. Among those worthy of mention is the trip to La Tronche, where in the church of St. Laurent there is an old crypt which is said to date back to the sixth century. The church, which is of the tenth century, was built around it. The crypt is the oldest Christian edifice existing in France. A few kilometers beyond is Bouqueron, with its Chateau, reputed to have been built by Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne. (I cannot vouch for this relationship). Going on further along the road which leads to the Grande Chartreuse, the famous old monastery, one comes to Mont St. Eynard, a hill with precipices so steep that it is impossible to ascend it from the eastern side. From there one has the finest view imaginable; the vineyards at one's feet, the valley with its nestling hamlets; to the right Grenoble and its picturesque forts, while behind it all, looms the great chain of the Alps. Off in the distance one gets a glimpse Mt. Blanc, a tiny white speck on the horizon.

Sassenage offers another trip that is easy and charming, charming because of its ease of approach and because of the series of beautiful grottos and cascades. There are some caves that extend back into the mountain a great distance. The stream that issues from the caves is said to come from the other side of the mountains. I was not sufficiently sceptical regarding the truth of the assertion to investigate, but I testify that the caves extend far back enough to satisfy even as fastidious a person as myself.

These trips are only two of the many interesting ones that

we had the pleasure of taking. In our excursions we had occasion to pass through all the eleven gates of the city. As you perhaps know, Grenoble is a walled city and one of the most strongly fortified in France. A visit to the walls and forts makes a very pleasant and interesting outing.

One day, a young Pole who had frequently entertained the whole "Pension" by his vivid tales of mountain climbing experiences and achievements, informed Walch and me that if we wished to accompany him on a trip to the "Croix de Belledonne," he would make all the necessary preparations and secure the services of a guide of his acquaintance. Let me say here, that neither of us has any desire to achieve prominence as a mountain-climber, but when the opportunity was offered us to make the ascent of one the highest peaks in the French Alps, and in the company of two such experienced Alpinists, we did not think twice before accepting. We thought Nov. 6 was rather late in the season for such an undertaking, but the Pole quieted our fears by tales of daring ascents he had made in the Tatras and in the Swiss Alps, all at a later season than this. Our fears thus calmed, we set about preparing ourselves for the trip.

We started on Saturday at noon, taking the trolley as far as Uriage-les-Bains. From there our climb began. "Piolet" in hand, and with provisions in knapsacks on our backs, we proceeded rapidly, passing by the historic castle of Uriage and the mountain village of St. Martin d'Uriage. On our way we stopped in a chestnut grove to gather some nuts to roast over our fire at the night's camp. By nightfall we were at the "Cascades de l'Oursiere," which is the upper limit of the tree line. Beyond that point our climb was continued in almost perfect darkness, and we trusted entirely to the meagre light of the stars and the instinct of our guide. You may rest assured that when our path led us along the brink of a precipice we hugged the rocky wall as we would our best friend. At nine we reached the "Chalet de la Pra," a shelter built as a refuge for mountain climbers. There we found husk mattresses, blankets, a cracked iron stove and a supply of wood. After preparing a hasty meal, the other three of the party sat by the fire and roasted chestnuts, while I, rolled up in a blanket, lay on one of the husk mattresses and groaned. I had preferred to eat my chestnuts raw and was paying the penalty. To add to the torture, the Pole and our guide, who was a

very patriotic and loquacious Frenchman, insisted on discussing the relative merits of France and Poland. When I finally dropped off to sleep, the Frenchman was still abusing Chopin, while the Pole was pointing out his superiority over Gounod and insisting that Napoleon's greatest soldiers were all born at Warsaw.

The next morning I had fully recovered from the effects of my overindulgence in raw chestnuts, so we continued our climb toward the "Lacs de Domenon" and the "Croix de Belledonne." After two hours of hard climbing over ice and snow, during which time we found that our friend from Poland was only of the parlor variety, we reached the lakes which we found frozen over. The childlike antics of the Frenchman, when he found that the ice would hold his weight, are something to be remembered. Beyond the lakes the snow was so deep and loose that our brave Pole refused to go any further, declaring that it was dangerous to try to reach the summit, so, with the top of the mountain in sight, we had to turn back. The greatest altitude we reached was about 9000 feet. During our return trip we had a continuation of the Poland-France controversy, this time with the addition of a few sarcastic remarks from America. We reached Grenoble late in the afternoon, just in time to dress for "diner."

The views that we had from the moutains were truly magnificent, but I would gladly have exchanged them all for one single glimpse of the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks as seen from the newly-acqulred campus of the Woman's College of Middlebury.

UNCONQUERED.

DEEP lay the battle's branding on his face,
As from the ranks I saw him led away,
While eagerly the foe fought for his place
Who heard the victor bugles cheerily play.

I knew that he had failed in that last fight,
That pride and strength were now an empty thing;
But, ah! I knew whence that strange, holy light—
From out the battle walked he forth a king!

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, '09.

—From the New England Magazine.

THE EDITOR.

BEGINNING with this issue and continuing until the July issue, Mr. Herbert A. Burnham, first associate editor, will serve as Acting editor-in-chief, since Mr. Sunderland's connection with the coming Latin Drama makes it imperative that he relinquish temporarily the editorship of THE CAMPUS.

IN the December issue of THE CAMPUS, as our readers will recall, we offered a prize of five dollars for the best short story written by an undergraduate member of the college and a second prize of one year's subscription to THE CAMPUS for the second best story. On account of a regrettable misunderstanding on our part, the winner of the first prize was wrongly reported in the February issue. The prize story entitled, "The Point of View" was not written by Miss Helen Wilder, '13, there being no such person—but by Miss Eunice Woodward Smith of the junior class. In the present issue, we are publishing the second prize story, "The Bell and The Bet", by Miss Ruth Hill of the sophomore class.

THE second and third numbers of volume IV of the College Bulletin have appeared within a few weeks. Number 2 contains a careful and comprehensive sketch of the work in the Department of Pedagogy, prepared by Professor Collins. In his treatment of the organization of the department, Doctor Collins has touched upon its establishment, the advantages of such a collegiate department, some high school problems, and the aim and plan of the department. Doctor Collins has gone farther, to describe the divisions of the department's work, outlining the four-year course, and touching upon the various collegiate courses in the department, the Teachers' Courses in other departments, and the College Extension and Graduate Courses offered, containing an outline of the Summer Session Courses in Pedagogy.

In the second number of volume IV is also found a Syllabus of a Course in Secondary Education, prepared by Assistant Professor McFarland. In this Syllabus Mr. McFarland has presented

a general survey of the course, and also a more detailed account of it, considering the course under four main divisions, an Historical Introduction to Secondary Education, an exposition of Psychological Factors, of Physical Factors and of Critique and Drill, and has handled these in further detail, indicating the nature and purpose of each course, with references to authorities upon the various subjects considered.

The third number of volume IV of the Bulletin, referred to above, is the annual Catalogue. The Catalogue carefully, and in an interesting way, sets forth some points of history, regarding both the college and the village in which it is situated, and presents an outline of the courses of instruction, requirements for admission, and the general information of interest and value to anyone looking college-ward. The material in the Catalogue is that which one would expect to find in such a bulletin, but it is arranged in a manner to which, in our limited space, we can hardly do justice. We are confident of being borne out in our statement, by any of our readers who have perused the Catalogue, when we say that it is in every way the most attractive bulletin of its kind that the college has issued.

THE CHANGELESS TIDE.

OH, the waves are awash on the lonesome shore,
And the wild duck hovers low,
And the fish leaps high from the marsh-edged mere,
And the cool, moist breezes blow,
And the sun is low in the gorgeous west,
And the tide creeps in from sea,
The same as in days of long ago
When I paced the shore with thee.

But the days they are lost in the rushing years,
And their memory is but a name,
And our love is cold, we live apart,—
But the world rolls on the same,
The world is a riddle forever and aye—
A riddle without a key—
And old loves die, and lovers sigh,
And the tide creeps in from sea.

—"*1911.*"

THE CHECKER AND CHESS CLUB.

WE are now in the midst of the annual chess tournament. Fourteen men entered and things are progressing finely. The class tournament will be closed before the Easter recess. Arrangements are all made to start the checker contest as soon as college opens after the vacation. The winner of each tournament will receive an appropriate prize.

JUNIOR WEEK.

JUNIOR WEEK will be held again this year from May twelfth to the fourteenth inclusive. The committee has been working on the program for some time, and while the work is not yet completed, some excellent attractions have been secured. The list includes base ball games with Norwich and Boston University, a dual track meet with St. Lawrence University, and the Junior "Prom" and Play.

We want to get at least twenty sub-freshmen here for this, and we have got to have the support of every man in college. If we get your support and backing there is no reason why we can't make this Junior Week a record breaker and the most successful in our history.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to G. G. Taylor Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

Ex-'50. News of the death of James John Howard Gregory, A. M., has recently been received. Mr. Gregory was born in Marblehead, November 7, 1827; fitted for college at Marblehead Acaedmy; then spent two years at Middlebury, finishing his course at Amherst, from '48 to '50. After graduation he was engaged as farmer and seed dealer at Marblehead. He was State Senator from '76–'77. Married in '63 Eliza C. Bubier, who died in '76. Then was married to Mrs. Harrite Knight. Mr. Gregory was the inventor of the Marblehead squash.

'91. The Rev. Ira E. Pinny has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Hubbardton, Vt.

'02. David A. Burke has opened a law office in the Mutual Life Building, No. 43 Cedar street, New York city.

'93. Rev. Henry G. Megathlin informs us that his address has changed from Wolloston to Walpole, Vt.

,09. W. T. Fiske spent Sunday in town.

'09. R. C. Holt visited friends here March 5.

'09. The engagement of Ray Stevens to Miss Prentiss of Chicago is announced.

The editor has received a letter from E. G. Hunt to the effect that some specimens of cliff-dwelling clams have been placed in the college museum, where all "scoffers" may be convinced. This is the outcome of the long-standing Chapman-Hunt feud which originated at an alumni banquet in the "good old days."

In a letter written to the secretary of the college in acknowledgment of his invitation to our Commencement of 1908, Governor Holbrook says:

"Accept my hearty thanks for the gracious invitation of the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, communicated through you, for me to attend their meeting for the inauguration of the president of the college on the 24th inst.

"I regret my inability to attend the interesting ceremonies of the occasion, for I have a great respect for the good old college and its glorious work in the long years past, turning out so many graduates who have taken high rank as citizens of our republic. They freely volunteered for the defense of our glorious Union, in our late Civil War, and it will be a lasting satisfaction that they did such effective service in that great and strenuous struggle for the preservation of the Union, the result of which was the establishment thereof on a solid, lasting basis, supreme over all with its just constitutional rights firmly planted and made supreme over all, cementing all in a glorious union of States,

'Distinct as the billows, and one as the sea.'"

Governor Holbrook was the famous war governor and friend of Lincoln. He died at Brattleboro a year ago.

STUDENT NOTES.

The following notice has been posted with regard to examinations to make up conditions: A student who fails to pass an examination at the close of the first semster, and is thereby conditioned, will be given an opportunity to take another examination on the first day after the Easter recess, at the close of the second semester, and again at the opening of the college year. A student who is conditioned at the close of the second semester may take an examination at the opening of the college year, on the first day after the Christmas recess, and again at the close of the first semester. Examinations for the removal of conditions will be held on the last Saturday of each semester. No other opportunities for removal of conditions will be given, except that a senior may take examinations for deficiencies or conditions on the Saturday preceding Commencement.

President Thomas spoke in North Troy and Richford on Friday, February 18, and on the Sunday following occupied the pulpits of the Methodist and Congregational churches at Orleans. On Monday he addressed the students of Lyndon Institute, at Lyndonville. President Thomas also spoke at North Craftsbury and Hardwick.

Wm. W. Chalmers, '13, visited at his home in Fitchburg, Mass., recently.

Coates, '11, Duncan, '12, Jackson, '13, and Mack, '13, have reentered college after a year's absence.

The first rehearsal of the junior play was held in the chapel Thursday evening, February 10. The class will present Shakespeare's "As You Like It".

Ralph H. Waldo, '13, and Royal A. Wray, '13, visited their homes in New York city recently.

A small audience attended the basket ball game which was played on Wednesday evening between the seniors and the freshmen and resulted in a score of 31 to 21 in favor of the latter. The sophomores were scheduled to play the juniors bnt failed to appear and forfeited the game to the juniors.

On Saturday evening, March 5, two games were pulled off. Both were scrappy and fast and interested the spectators in many ways. The juniors defeated the seniors by a score of 28–3, while the freshmen trimmed the sophomores by a score of 36–30. The attendance was good and was favored with several selections by the college band which were received with much applause.

The Commencement committee has been chosen by the seniors and consists of Ross (chairman), Murdock and Perrigo.

Edgar J. Wiley, '13, passed Sunday, February 6, with McMurtry, '13, at the latter's home in Cornwall.

Edward C. Walker, '13, who left college on February 11, because of illness, returned to college after an absence of two weeks.

Hereafter the library will be open evenings to men on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from seven till nine o'clock.

Joseph E. King, president of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute of Fort Edward, N. Y., led chapel recently. After the services he gave a short address on the life of Steven Olin, one of the presidents of Wesleyan University, his Alma Mater. Mr. King has been a trustee of Wesleyan for over fifty years.

Millard F. Blanchard, '12, who was absent from college for some time on account of illness, returned to his studies on March 7.

The manager of the debating union is corresponding with the Clark College debating team and has submitted a question to them for debate. If this question is accepted the debate will take place at Middlebury about the 29th of April. The members of the Debating Union are holding trial debates and expect to pick their teams soon.

At a meeting of the members of the 1912 track team, Edward L. O'Neill was chosen captain and John Kopke manager for the coming season.

Raymond Coleman, '10, who has been ill for several weeks at his home in Chester, has retnrned to college.

Miss Margaret Sheldon, '11 has returned to college after an absence of several days caused by illness.

B. S. Stewart, '11, was ill a few days last week and unable to attend college.

Pi Beta Phi entertained a few of the high school girls at its Sorority rooms Friday afternoon, March 4.

Miss Eunice Smith, '11, spent Sunday, February 27, with friends in New York city.

Miss Margaret French, '11, has been absent from college a few days on account of ill-health.

Mrs. Mills entertained a number of college girls at Battell Cottage Saturday evening, February 27.

The Connecticut Club met with Mrs. Professor White, Friday evening, February 25.

Pi Beta Phi Sorority entertained the D. K. E. fraternity men Saturday evening, February 26.

The German Club, which meets every two weeks at Professor Skillings's, is a very enjoyable feature of college life this winter. Both the business and literary program are entirely in German.

The sophomore members of Pi Beta Phi have issued invitations to all sophomore women for a St. Patrick's party, to be held at the Sorority rooms.

The Dante readings, which Professor Wright has been giving this winter, were concluded Friday evening, March 11. They have been most enjoyable meetings, both in a literary and in a social way.

The Women's Club of Middlebury College has held two regular Saturday morning meetings, and the programmes given have been interesting and instructive.

The first matched game of the women's basket ball teams takes place on Saturday afternoon, March 12, between the sophomores and juniors.

Professor Brown entertained the members of his sophomore classes Friday evening, February 19.

The different classes of the Women's College are serving tea in the study room on Friday afternoons.

The Connecticut Club will hold a banquet at The Addison house some time this month.

B. S. Stewart, '11, returned Monday, February 28, from Chicago, where he attended the National Convention of the Chi Psi fraternity as delegate from the Middlebury Chapter.

Miss Marion Roys, '11, gave a delightful whist party to a few of her junior friends on Saturday evening, March 5.

B. S. Stewart, '11, H. A. Burnham, '11, H. O. Thayer, '12, and C. S. Reynolds, '13, gave a concert at Bridport Saturday evening, March 5, under the auspices of the Methodist society of that place.

The Glee Club gave a concert in Assembly Hall, Rutland, Friday evening, March 11, under the auspices of the senior class of the Rutland High School. The concert was largely attended and all the numbers of the programme were enthusiastically received.

B. S. Stewart, '11, H. G. Burnham, '11, and H. O. Thayer, '12, gave a short concert Friday evening, after the Glee Club concert in Rutland, for the Knights of Pythias banquet, at Hotel Berwick.

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Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Miss Quimby gave a mission talk on her work in China at the regular meeting of the association Thursday afternoon, February 10.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed in the woman's chapel Sunday afternoon, February 27.

The officers for the ensuing year have been nominated and will be elected soon.

Preparations are in progress for the annual Y. W. C. A. banquet.

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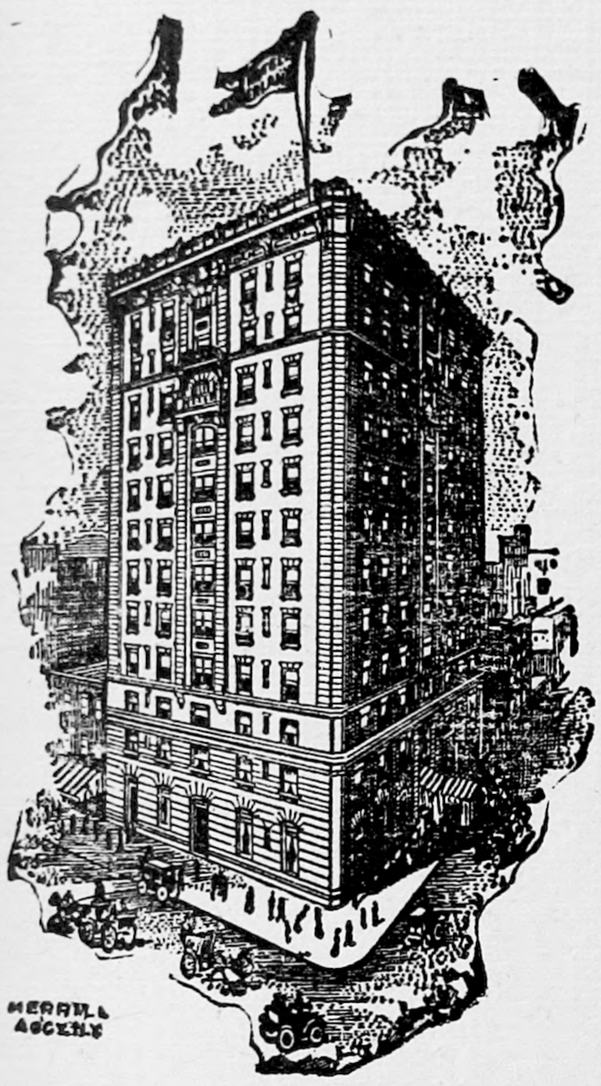

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